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**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK**

∴
1918



The Irish Absentee.

But. Ah! Misericord; away vid him: he sal strike me on mi head, vich is von dam'd insult to mine honor.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

THE IRISH ABSENTEE;

A FARCE,

In Two Acts:

By JOHN WALKER HYDE, Esq.

As performed at

The Metropolitan and Provincial Theatres.

To which are added

ORIGINAL REMARKS—SKETCHES—MEMOIRS—COSTUME
—CHARACTERS—EXITS—ENTRANCES—
AND GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING,
From a Drawing taken in the Theatre during representation.

LONDON:
JAMES PATTIE, 4, BRYDGES STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

23.19.2.19.135

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Cast of the Characters.

As Performed at the Royal Marylebone Theatre.
February, 1838.

<i>Sir Thos. Dancer</i>	Mr. Pelham.
<i>Col. Osborne</i>	Mr. Crooke.
<i>Mr. Deputy Dowgate</i>	Mr. J. W. Ray.
<i>Cornelius O'Callaghan</i>	Mr. T. Lee.
<i>Jerry Cartridge</i>	Mr. Edwards.
<i>La Motte</i>	Mr. Webb.
<i>James</i>	Mr. Oakley.
<i>Julia</i>	Miss Treble.
<i>Maria</i>	Miss Julian.
<i>Mrs. Randall</i>	Mrs. Flewin.

Costume.

SIR THOS. DANCER.—Frock coat—white summer trousers—boots—gloves.

COL. OSBORNE.—Military undress.

MR. DEPUTY DOWGATE.—Antiquated citizen's dress—knee breeches—buckles—hat—cane—wig.

CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN.—*First dress*: Tattered old clothes—worn out hat—patched smalls—worsted socks—high lows. *Second dress*: Splendid hussar uniform—cap—sword—whiskers, &c.

JERRY CARTRIDGE.—Gardener's dress.

LA MOTTE.—Frenchman's suit.

JAMES.—Servant's livery.

JULIA.—White muslin dress.

MARIA.—Elegant satin robe—hat and feathers.

MRS. RANDALL.—Smart extravagant dress—variety of colours—large sash—shawls—feathers, &c. &c.

Time of representation, one hour.

REMARKS.

The Irish Absentee.

REVIEWING the history of the stage, and considering the actual condition and circumstances of our theatres, one is forced to despair of every labour, however generous or well weighed, to restore the regular drama to a congenial state of health and prosperity, until a proper and exclusive home be obtained for it. We want a house for the representation of tragedy, comedy, and farce, and nothing else. Until we enjoy that blessing, we shall never see English tragedy and comedy written as they have been. They are now, as they have too long been, but joint lodgers under the parental roof with most unnatural connexions; and we indicate, with some certainty, how very poor are the hopes of improvement that can be founded on such a condition of things, by looking back to the fortunes of the family from that period, when the bastard offspring of the drama were allowed to fare at the same boards with the elder and only legitimate branches. Music and dancing, opera and spectacle, usurped a place on the patent stage at the Restoration, and from that day tragedy lost strength, and has never recovered it. Comedy, less fastidious, has struggled better; but, after a longer competition, has ultimately fallen into the same helpless decline. To assign a distaste in the public for the legitimate drama, or the incapacity of cotemporary literature for standard productions, as the causes of these results, were a capital error. No actors have been more patronized, or had wealthier rewards in any age than those who succeeded in tragedy or comedy. The people have seized with avidity on every opportunity which enabled them to prove their attachment to legitimate performances. From Burbage to Betterton, from him to Garrick, then to John Kemble, and so to Kean, we ascend the climax of histrionic reputation, and find it progressively crowned with a richer largess. The value of dramatic writings has been very different, fluctuating at times with singular inconsiderateness. In Shakspeare's time, the acting price of a tragedy or comedy averaged six or seven pounds; in Beaumont and Fletcher's, twenty pounds; in Young's, fifty

pounds. The benefit nights, however, which authors enjoyed until Addison repudiated the custom, occasionally netted very considerable sums. During the last century, a good play was generally worth five hundred pounds; and, within one's own memory, Colman sold the *Iron Chest* for two thousand guineas. In one respect, both authors and actors of the regular drama have laboured under a common disadvantage; as the public taste for theatricals occasionally diverted itself into other channels, they have been driven from the metropolitan boards together, for season after season. And authors have been more unfortunate than actors, solely because the same facilities do not exist for the production of a new play as for the debut of a new performer. Hence the dramatic talent of our time has run into other channels. Hence, too, no durable relief can be relied on until the stage be remodelled — and principally, until, instead of every thing being undertaken by two establishments, fewer things may be achieved by all theatres. As we are, one can only say with *Hamlet*, “reform it altogether.” But to the subject of our present remarks. The farce under review, is the maiden effort of a scholar and a gentleman, and was, as we are informed, written and produced within the short space of ten days, the author penning it at Hyde Castle, in Ireland, one week, and playing it in Marylebone the next. Mr. Hyde, of the Marylebone Theatre, is the author of the *Irish Absentee*, and it is no mean compliment to his talents, to say, that although the present farce is not equal to the genius of a Sheridan, it has the merit of *originality*, and is replete with fun and frolic. The character of *Mr. Deputy Dowgate* is an every day citizen, sketched to the very life. We have seen a thousand Mr. Deputy Dowgates in our march from the far west to the city. Mr. Rae, the performer who enacted this part, played it admirably. We dare swear this gentleman will be on the boards of a patent theatre before long. The *Irish Absentee* is the first dramatic attempt of its author. Let him proceed but half as well as he has begun, and consummate success must attend his exertions. We specially call his attention to the “*Munster Tales*.” What a field is displayed in that work for a skilful dramatist. A word to the wise is enough, and so wishing Mr. Hyde every success in his new but hazardous speculation, we subscribe ourselves his and the public's faithful servant,

PHILO DRAMATICUS.

THE IRISH ABSENTEE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street in Paris.*

Enter COLONEL OSBORNE, L. meeting SIR THOMAS DANCER, R.

Col. O. Ah! how do you do? any commands for London; I set out to-morrow.

Sir Thos. What, quit this enchanting land of levity, of bows, of smiles and honor—this region of love—this paradise on earth—for the monotony of the metropolis?

Col. O. I am decided, Sir Thomas; I relinquish the field of love. She, upon whom I have bestowed my affections, is cold and inflexible.

Sir Thos. Pshaw! your good sense ought to know better. Quit a mistress without endeavouring to soften her obstinacy! stuff.

Col. O. What would you have me to do?

Sir Thos. Flatter her my boy, flatter her.

Col. O. Of all things, she most despises that. I might as well think of catching a wild deer in a mouse trap, as to gain her by fulsome adulation.

Sir Thos. Then you have but one alternative.

Col. O. Name it.

Sir Thos. You must shoot some one she dislikes, and swear 'twas for her you did it.

Col. O. I could shoot myself.

Sir Thos. Fudge! after all the experience we have had together, to be at a loss how to proceed. Exhibit the proper symptoms of passion; rave and stamp: if she neglects you, talk of poison, death, daggers, despair, madness, suicide,

hate, revenge, murder, ambition, and the grave; work yourself to tears, and then appear to smother them; and though your eyes are as dry as gunpowder, affect, as the Poet would say, "to wipe the pearly drops away," and then turn upon your heel thus, and walk off with dignity. If a woman can withstand this attack, I know nothing of the sex.

Col. O. You seem well skilled, Sir Thomas, in love's politics. I'll endeavour to follow your advice.

Sir Thos. By Heaven! here comes the charming Julia, and that aversion of mine, Old Dowgate.

Col. O. The people of all others I would most avoid. [*Aside*] I hate a minx of seventeen, and I abominate a cockney citizen. [*Exit COLONEL OSBORNE.*]

Sir Thos. Egad, she's devilish pretty. There's a figure, 'twould thaw the icy resolves of a Stoic.

Enter JULIA and DEPUTY DOWGATE, R.

Dow. Come on, come on, as the old gentleman said to his boot.

Sir Thos. Permit me the distinguished honor of saluting your fair hand — charming creature. [*Aside.*]

Dow. More free than welcome, as the cow said to the fly when it jumped on her back.

Sir Thos. Well my old Buffalo, how do you like France?

Dow. Damn his impudence, as the fishmonger said to the boy when he stole a shrimp; what do you mean by that Sir?

Sir Thos. Eh? my friend the Colonel has disappeared; Dowgate, you must have caused his flight.

Dow. I cause his flight; is there anything so frightful in my appearance? Before I left off keeping a shop for the sale of stockings —

Jul. Hold your tongue, for goodness sake, do, Mr. Dowgate; don't let every body know you kept a shop.

Dow. Why not? The shop kept me and I'm not ungrateful. Nothing like gratitude, as the devil said when they sent him the lawyers. Why satirise my calling, Miss? My shop caused all the women in London to set their caps at me. I verily protest the importunities of the sex first tempted me to visit France in the expensive manner I am now doing.

Jul. The sex importune you — encourage such a creature.

Ha! Ha! Ha! The very antidote to love.

Sir Thos. You mistake — a modern Adonis — the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

Dow. What's that you say about glass and mould? You are coming it too strong, as the guard of the Mail said to the snow-storm.

Jul. You forget you are addressing Sir Thomas Dancer.

Dow. Not I. I know Sir Thomas's uncle; I sold him a pair of overalls at half price, not a bit the worse for the moths; and the old boy promised to introduce me to his nephew.

Sir Thos. [*Aside*] Damn his familiarity.

Dow. Yes, Sir Thomas, I know a great deal more of people than I choose to acknowledge. Bless you, Sir, if I was to recognise all the faces I see in France, as I pass along, I should be done — nicely done brown, as the girl said to the toast before she buttered it. But your friend Colonel Osborne looked quite chap fallen; just as I should look, if I had a bill to take up and was not prepared.

Jul. The Colonel is a strange being. He never speaks but in riddles. I never can catch the import of his words.

Sir Thos. I must confess he is rather abrupt.

Dow. It strikes me, Sir Thomas, that your friend has done some foul deed — who knows? Committed a murder perhaps?

Sir Thos. The Colonel is my particular friend, and I cannot allow these ungenerous suspicions. At another opportunity I will explain more fully the singularity of his behaviour. Mr. Deputy Dowgate, I am stopping in the Rue Rivoli, I dine at six every day, and always take care to provide an English dish or two for my own countrymen.

Dow. Sir Thomas, I am glad to know you — hope our acquaintance will be a long one, as the Butler said to the Ten-pound note.

Sir Thos. The longer the better, my dear sir. Permit me the honor of offering you my arm, Madam.

Jul. What do you say, Mr. Dowgate? May I take this gentleman's arm? It will be a change you know Sir.

Dow. Yes, change for the worse, as the young woman said when she got five bad shillings for a good crown. However, proceed, go on, as Hamlet says to the ghost, "I'll follow thee."

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II. — *An Apartment*

MRS. RANDALL *and the COLONEL discovered.*

Mrs. Ran. If things don't alter, I shall perspire with fright. Who the dickens can make head or tail of my niece. What's the use of my striving to be genteel and neat, if she upsets every thing I does in this way.

Col. O. Since we spoke last, I have hit upon a plan to humble this haughty mistress. The Marquis De Clancarde, whom she admires, it is said, has left the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Ran. To be sure he has; and now she sits all day long like a Patient, upon the top of the monument smiling at grief.

Col. O. My plan is a bold one, but must be tried. I have written some letters as if coming from him to her. The first in a tender strain; the next warmer still; till in the end, I make him talk of suicide.

Mrs. Ran. Suicide — any side, good Colonel, so that it be the right side.

Col. O. These letters are to be intercepted by some agent of mine. The fellow shall have a bonus for his pains.

Mrs. Ran. O yes, by all means give him a bonassus; I always likes servants to have their little exquisites.

Col. O. At these letters, of course she'll storm.

Mrs. Ran. In course she will.

Col. O. She'll be thunderstruck.

Mrs. Ran. Putrified! completely putrified.

Col. O. Write perhaps to the Marquis, who holds her in abhorrence, and will not answer — get some friend of hers into a duel, whilst I stand second to his rival, and on the ground expose the trick played off on her credulity. Thus am I resolved to mortify her pride.

Mrs. Ran. Colonel, if I were Queen, I would make you my Prime Minister. You would certainly excel in your new aromatic situation.

Col. O. [*Smiling*] Diplomatic, I suppose you mean, Madam.

Mrs. Ran. Well, diplomatic or aromatic; its all the same you know: but be cautious how you put your life in danger. If you got shot my dear Colonel, you would repent it all the days of your life afterward; and for what? a proud young lady who rewoke me every minute. "Aunt,"

this man's appearance when required. Mons. Jacques, I may heal your wound with a golden plaister.

La. Tres bien. Sare, you do me great honneur. Sare, I am your ver humble servant, to-day, to-morrow, and yesterday. Bon jour. [*Exeunt La Motte with Officers.*]

Cor. The devil speed the traveller, say I. May be, he'll be better behaved the next time; for I think he won't forget his schoolmaster in a hurry.

Col. O. You retire with me, that I may know the nature of your errand, when you have explained it, suit your humour, and remain in France, I may find employment for you.

Cor. The heavens prosper ye'r honor. I always knew that you had consideration in you for an Irishman. It raises the cockles of my heart, to hear the silver sound of your voice. But, where's your honor's lady? for we heard you married a great lady of quality, they calls a madam-in-hell—that's the place, where the best of quality goes, they say.

Col. O. A mademoiselle! You've hit it friend, in your simplicity,—I love a fiend, but have escaped the hell of matrimony. A vulture, in the shape of woman, gnaws my very vitals!

Cor. May be your honor fasts too much. Father O' Dwyr, our parish priest, at home, brought a wolf into his stomach through the same means. There was a meeting of the clergy about it, and they said a great many masses upon Father O' Dwyr; but all would not do, till he got lave from the Pope, to eat meat on a Friday throughout the year, Lent and all. Now, may be, this is the way your honor came by the vulture.

Col. O. Poor Con. Alas! my malady, is love.

Cor. Love! Faith, and that's a horse of another colour. I suffered a little of that same, myself. Wasn't it love made me leave London? Sure, and it was.

Col. O. Why did you leave the metropolis?

Cor. Nothing scandalous. 'Twas only a bit of a misfortune I had. There was a slip of a girl and myself, slept on the same floor, we made rather free, as you may say; so the officers came looking for me one morning. I gave leg bail, that's all.

Col. O. So, so, Cornelius, an amour caused your flight!

Cor. A what? oh no, she was an *honest* girl and no blackamoor, when I met with her, so as I was walking on

the road to Bristol in place of Dover,—I didn't like to ax for a pass, as I was afraid they might know me at the Workhouse, having troubled them once or twice before,—who should I meet but a footman, who was coming all the way to his master here, that I knew when I was navigating.

Col. O. Navigating!

Con. Yes, I worked six months at that great hole of a bridge, a hundred miles below the bottom of the water.

Col. O. The Thames Tunnel I suppose you mean.

Cor. The very same, as Dennis Connolly said, when down it came splash upon us, through a bit of a splinter in the ceiling, and we were all swimming for our bare lives.—“Con,” says he, “we’ll be smothered for certain in the bed of the river.” “How the devil can you call this a bed,” says I, “when there’s niver a feather in it?” “Your dreaming,” says he. “By my sowl then,” says I, making answer before he spoke, “’tis time the sleep should be out of my eyes, for my face is pretty well washed this morning.”

Col. O. An odd time for jesting,—but what of the footman you met?

Cor. “Where are you going?” says I, to him. “Bad luck to you, to France,” says he. “Come along, all places are alike to me,” says I. “Step in,” says he. “He goes,” says I. “May be I’ll meet my master’s son in my rambles, that’s Mister Osborne.” “Mister Alexander!” says he. “The same, says I.” “I’m going,” says he, “within a mile of the place where he lives.” “Are you,” says I, “then here’s wid you.” We jogged merrily enough across the sea, till we came ashore from the coach this morning; and I sauntered about, till I got a glimpse of your Honor’s back, going in the door awhile ago. “There he is!” says I, the minit I clapped my eyes on you,—for I’d know you, if you were boiled in porridge. And yourself, it was, sure enough,—so there ends my bit of history.

Col. O. Just in the nick of time to commence on mine. After you have refreshed yourself, I will give you something to do. But be silent, keep your lips close.

Cor. That I will, as close as a Kerry oyster ye’r honor.

Col. O. Hear all—see all—but, be sure say nothing.

Cor. Devil’s the word they get of me! Never fear your Honor. I’m the boy for a secret. [*Aside.*] Keep one half an hour. Huzza for ould Ireland!

[*Exit* *Cor.*]

Enter MARIA and JULIA, L.

Mar. If he is, what Mrs. Randall represents, I would not wed him Julia, to make myself an Empress.

Jul. You are deceived by false representations. Sir Thomas Dancer, has this moment, assured me he adores you. Your fancied coldness, is the cause of his melancholy.

Mar. His gallantry is positively shocking. Has he not mistresses in every part of the department? Has he not even disgraced himself so much, as to make proposals to that illiterate woman, Randall?

Jul. You mistake him altogether—but, here comes Mrs. Randall.

Enter MRS. RANDALL, R.

Mrs. Ran. Oh! such an uproar!—such a fright—such a cabal—such a—the squeeze I got from that Irishman will be the death of me. I certainly am not fit company for the canal.

Mar. Has he repeated his insults then?

Mrs. Ran. The villain caught me in his arms!—some person interfered, but, I cried out “let him alone.” I wanted to see how far he would go. I screamed, bawled, and luckily, the Police heard me, or Mrs. Randall, of Randall Hall, Radnorshire, would have had a case at the Sessions, I dare say.

Jul. I must say, you look pale.

Mrs. Ran. Pale!—I’m sinking—get me a glass of water, I shall fall. [*Sinks in a chair as Maria runs out for the water, R.*] The impudent, audacious, low Irish blackguard. Ha! my dear Mr. Deputy, I was this moment talking of you.

Enter MR. DEPUTY DOWGATE, L.

Dow. I’m tired to death! as the dog said to the cat’s-eat man. I’m tired to death.

Mrs. Ran. Then pray take a seat, sir,—I know what it to be tired. [*Giving her chair.*]

Dow. Aye, snug quarters these, as the gentleman said to himself, when he slept in the pig-stye. Ha! snug indeed. [*Looking round.*] A glass of something would be delightful.

Enter CORNELIUS O’CALLAGHAN, R.

Cor. [*Speaking as he enters.*] Faith, here it is for you. Take it. [*Throws the water in his face.*]

Dow. Damnation! I'm drowned! What the devil do you mean by this, scoundrel?

Cor. Sure, didn't the young lady tell me that the old man in the chair was fainting, and, didn't I go the right way to revive him.

Dow. [*Kicking him.*] Get out you villain—get out. Here's a situation for a gentleman, as the man said in the stocks.

Enter MARIA, R.

Mar. [*Brushing Dowgate with her handkerchief.*] Do you know any thing of this affair, sir? Poor Mrs. Randall has been frightened out of her senses.

Dow. So have I—know any thing, not a word. I'm nearly drown'd, but I'm pretty tough, that's one consolation, as the turkey in the fable said, when they talked of cutting him up at Christmas.

Mrs. Ran. I know all about it, if you will but hear me, Miss. He is going to send you forgeries. I've pumped his servant.

Dow. And damn him! he has pumped me in return. I'm a melted icicle.

Mar. I fear him not,—I defy his shallow artifice. A woman, strong in her own honour, is proof against a thousand traducers. Dear Mr. Dowgate, I'm afraid you'll get cold.

Dow. Yes, Madam, I have received rather more than I like, as the soldier said, when he got five hundred and fifty lashes.

Mrs. Ran. If you'll follow me, Mr. Deputy, I'll look for some dry clothing. Forgive me for the joke, but my poor dear husband used to say, I always wore the breeches, so perhaps, I can accommodate you with a waistcoat.

[*Exit R.*]

Dow. The very thing. [*Loud knocking.*] What another visitor, Madam—more friends, and less need of them, as the old gentleman said, when he dined alone. [*Knocking again.*]

Mar. What can that knocking mean. Would I had a protector!

Jul. Aye, what would you give now, if Alexander were here. Come, come, don't be childish. I suspect that vulgar woman imposes upon you,—she brings you nothing but falsehoods.

[*Exit,*]

Enter SIR THOMAS DANCER, R.

Sir Thos. A thousand pardons, ladies, for this seeming interruption, but there has been the devil to pay at Colonel Osborne's! The poor fellow has been arrested, at the suit of some rascally creditor.

Mar. Much as I detest him, he shall not remain long in so degrading a situation. Sir Thomas, if you will accompany me into the study, there are writing materials.

Sir Thos. Madam, I attend you.

[Exeunt omnes, except Deputy Dowgate.]

Dow. That widow is a very long time fetching the waistcoat. A man might die before she came back,—I feel rather cold—a little drop of brandy, now would not be amiss. Fine times for them as is well wrapped up, as the Polar bear said to himself, when he was skating. I'll just taste the widow's brandy, and I dare say, I shall be right as a trivet presently. Ha! I hear footsteps—I'll hide till they pass.

[Goes into the cupboard and shuts the door]

Enter MRS. RANDALL, L.

Mrs. Ran. This day will be the death of me. They tell Miss Maria, that her gentleman is constant, but I tell her, like Hamlet in the play, "not to lay the flattering ointment to her soul." Poor Mr. Osborne, what a silly fool he is—how easily I repose on him. I'll drink his health, in a drop of the brandy I've got snugly stowed away in my closet here. *[Opens the closet, and screams. Mr. Deputy Dowgate comes out, and catches her in his arms. Cornelius runs in, followed by omnes.]*

Cor. For shame!—for shame!—at your time of life, darlings!—for shame!

TABLEAU,—END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Colonel Osborne's Lodging.

Enter COLONEL OSBORNE, R.

Col. O. I have despatched my faithful Con, on a mission which his ingenuity must bring to a successful issue. In

the costume of a German hussar he will gain access to my inflexible Maria, and thanks to the last masquerade, the disguise fits him admirably—such mustachios—such whiskers! Ha! ha! He must be believed.

Enter LA MOTTE, L.

La Motte. A Lettre Sare,—from Monsieur Sare Tomy Danceur

Col. O. My friend, Sir Thomas.

La Motte. Oui, Oui, dat is him, and here is de Lettre.

[*Giving Letter.*]

Col. O. Ha! what says Sir Thomas?

[*Opens and reads.*]

How does he begin? Ha! in the usual style “Old Fellow.”

La Motte. He may say dat you are de owl fellow, sans doubt.

Col. O. [*Reading.*] What the devil have you been doing with yourself.

La Motte. Wat de devil indeed!

Col. O. I have heard all about the trifling debt you have contracted, and for your reputation sake, enclose a Bill at sight which will enable you to discharge all claims.—“Good Sir Thomas.”

La Motte. Tres bien “good Sare Tommy is good, I sall get my wages.”

Col. O. [*Reading.*] If you want more, you know where to find—yours truly,—I am,—Dancer. A thousand thanks my boy, you are indeed a trump.

La Motte. Oui, Oui, sare, de gentilwoman—de trump ver much.

Col. O. Scoundrel have you dar'd to listen [*To La Motte.*]

La Motte. Pardonnez moi Messieu, from mine honour not a bit, I nevere listen, not a bit.

Col. O. And upon my honour I never kick! not a bit, [*Mimicking and kicking*]

La Motte. Merci—merci—sacra!

[*Exeunt the COLONEL and LA MOTTE*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

Enter JULIA and MARIA, L. H.

Mar. An officer enquiring for me, did you sav dear?

Jul. Yes, and such an officer I never saw before in the whole course of my life. James gave me this card to hand to you,—Here it is. [*Giving a Card*]

Mar. [*Reading*] The Honourable Captain Muzzlegruff! what can he want with me—may I trouble you Julia to bid James to show the gentleman up?

Jul. Yes Love, [*Aside*] just like the Sex, She wants to be alone with the fellow [*Aside as she goes off.*] *Exit B.*

Mar. The Captain, doubtless, is some friend of my brother's. He brings a letter from Augustus, and is I dare say a dashing fellow,—the beau of the regiment perhaps, with what becoming elegance will he enter the room—I could almost fancy.

Cornelius. [*Outside*] This the door? oh very well, very well, that'll do, that'll do, I'll find the rest of the way myself, snug enough.

Mar. An odd voice that for a Gentleman.

Enter CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN B. decked in an elegant suit of Hussar Uniform—No Sword—A Stick in his hand—Smoking a Short Pipe which he puffs at discretion. On seeing MARIA, he thrusts the Pipe up his sleeve burns his wrist, and lets fall his stick—Stooping to pick up the latter, off falls his Cap.

Cor. Well, this is mighty awkward, I must confess, for an ambassador, but you see in our country they are fond of a shock, out of the *dooiker*, but thinking the scent of the tobacco might be offensive, I wanted to smother the smoke so I turned my hand, and that was the cause of the Slips. Besides this boulder of a hat, sits on my head like a tub of grains, it falls off the minnit, I let go my balance.

Mar. You belong I presume, to the same service as my brother, Sir?

Cor. I never was in service, wid your broder, or any body else's broder, my father at home is a strong farmer, we have as nice a spot of ground as any in the country about.

Mar. Ha! Ha! and like a second Cincinnatus, you quit the plough to join the tumults of war. If you wear such honours on your sword as he reaped for his country, your choice will be enviable.

Cor. By my soul then he must be no small fist at it if he could handle a hook, wid Con Callaghan! I can reap wheat, bats, barley, wid any boy in the village.

Mar. [*aside*] A soldier so young, he has not yet thrown

off the rust of a Country life. [*to Cor.*] No letters from Augustus?

Cor. I brought you one, and was big enough to hold the contents of a dozen of the same size, [*giving a large packet*] There it is, and I think you'll find a litter of young ones inside upon it.

Mar. May I crave your indulgence whilst I retire to peruse this letter Sir?

Cor. Oh, by all means, you are welcome to go. [*Aside*] If you stay longer you'll bother me completely, or I should hold my tongue and say nothing all the while I was talking to you.

Mar. You can amuse yourself with that German paper [*Pointing to one*] it contains the last Gazette, you may possibly recognize the names of some of your brother officers.

[*Exit L.*]

Cor. Recognize the names of my brother officers! By my soul then, would be hard for me, for I never had a brother an officer, except it was a spade officer, and Jim Curran my cousin, the peace officer, [*Scratching his whiskers*] Bad manners to these hairy things! I might as well have a bunch of thistles rolled about my windpipe, for they itches me damnable. I suppose I'll get an answer to this Package! Stop, I hear somebody coming, Arrah! thin isn't it my friend the footman. He won't know me in this sublandish dress. What's the time and day, and be damn'd to you.

[*Speaking as Footman entered.*]

Enter FOOTMAN, L.

Footman. A few minutes past twelve.

Cor. Past twelve. [*Aside*] That's about the time, they're eating the praties at home. I wish I had a roaster now, with a good lump of salt butter upon it. I hadn't half enough at that smack awhile ago, for my master said, I'd be after bursting my jacket if I stuffed so much. But to the devil I'd bot a fine coat, when there's a scarcity of provision within the walls of it, inside.

Foot. My mistress desired me to call your attention to the garden Sir,—it is a beautiful one, you will be quite at home there Sir.

Cor. In the kitchen garden! if that is it, you are growing cabbage!

Foot. Putting in a few Annuals and Stocks of various kinds for the Summer Season.

Cor. Animals into the Stocks! Cows and Horses for trespass I suppose! 'tis the way we send em to pound in my country, [*Aside*] I hope I'll keep my shins out of them same. I had a berth there once, for striking a man upon a Sunday morning, while sarvice was going on, that didn't agree at all with me? I wonder what sort of Stocks these *Frinch* ones is. I'll be walking after you, Sir, [*To Footman*] I can make a better boult there, than here, if there's any danger I musn't forget my way back. But master said he'd be writing for me. Go on, I'd be patronizing your *gooseberry bushes*. Devil fly away wid me, but I'm thinking I should burn for a dacent sum. [*Looking at himself*] [*Exeunt.*] L.

SCENE III.—A Landscape.

Enter COLONEL OSBORNE, R.—meeting MRS. RANDALL, and MR. DEPUTY DOWGATE. L.

Mrs. Ran. Colonel, I am exported to see you, I was this very minute coming in search of you.

Col. O. I am equally glad to see you, Madam, what may be your commands with me?

Mrs. Ran. A little private business.

Dow. Private business—I hope I dont intrude, as the man said, when he fell through the sky light. If so, I'm off as the gun said to the trigger!

Mrs. Ran. Nay, stay where you are Mister Dowgate, I dont consider you any body,—it's no use persisting in your infections, Miss Maria is now reading the letters. She's in a perdigious fury, and I wouldn't advise you to go near her until it has evaperated. Sir Thomas and Julia, are with her and a strange officer, who brought letters from Mr. Alexander.

Col. O. The same I sent. The officer is my messenger. No other than my faithful Irishman. I equipped him for the purpose. I seldom like deception, but this is really so pleasant.

Dow. Yes pleasant but wrong, as the gentleman said to his maid when he romped with her—

Mrs. Ran. What the Irishman who nearly squeezed me to death—the man with the strong accident?

Col. O. Accident! Madam, what accident?

Mrs. Ran. Accident, you know Colonel, accident in his srogue.

Col. O. Ha! Ha! I see, "accent" you mean, Madam, Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mrs. Ran. Well, is this the way you bemean yourself, of you to be laughing at me in this way, I think I ought to be in the *Blues*, as well as yourself.

Col. O. Ten thousand pardons, Madam, I was only laughing at the thought of my servant. Poor fellow, he is an honest kind-hearted pains taking creature.

Dow. Is he? every one to their liking, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow.

Mrs. Ran. Well, I must say, that your messenger looks like a gentleman; I took him for one in right earnest, and made my obediences to him as he passed. He's a regular nob, Mr. Deputy Dowgate.

Dow. You are right, Madam, he looks like a regular snob.

Mrs. Ran. Snob, Mr. Dowgate, I said no such thing, I meant he looks exceedingly like a nobleman.

Dow. A Nobleman! the idea is too rich—rather too rich, as the young lady said, when the Pastry Cook offered her a pork sausage.

Mrs. Ran. There he's jealous, I declare you are jealous. Don't you think so Colonel?

Col. O. Most decidedly, Madam. Beware of the green-eyed monster, Master Deputy.

Dow. Stuff, nonsense, good folks, you'll never make me the victim of connubiality. I'll die single, as Blue Beard said, when he killed his last wife. Mrs. Randall, I like not your imputations, you are a wicked woman.

Mrs. Ran. And you are a wicked man, "Mrs. Randall dear, let me have one little salute," Oh you two faces under one head of a man. You deserve to be set down.

Dow. All in the way of business, as Jack Ketch said when he shook hands with the housebreaker.

Mrs. Ran. Idiot! Colonel, I throw myself upon your protection.

Col. O. Come, come, no quarrelling.

Mrs. Ran. Quarrelling! I disdains to quarrel with the likes of him.

Dow. The grapes are sour, as the Fox said, when he couldn't get at them. But come give us your hand, I don't bear malice

Col. O. I see how it is—Mr. Deputy, I begin to suspect

Dow. Your suspicions are ill founded—they are indeed. But it's all over now, and can't be helped, as they said in

Turkey, when they cut the wrong man's head off.

Mrs. Ran. Come, Colonel, Miss Maria and Sir Thomas are waiting. Pray make haste.

Col. O. Mr. Dowgate, I shall want a champion. Will you have the goodness to accompany me?

Dow. Yes, with all my heart, but don't be afraid of a woman. Say your say; I'll stay with you, don't be alarmed — out with it, as the man said to his child, when it swallowed a farden — out with it. [*Exit both, R.*]

Mrs. Ran. If the Colonel finds me out, I'm a ruined individual. I have kept them asunder long enough, yet they'll come together in spite of me. What the insult of my scheming will be, I know not; but if I'm detected, I must get that Irishman to assist me. He's an insinuating, modest, good looking young gentleman — such as I'd like to lead to the hymenial halter — but I suppose he's married already — they always leave their better halves behind them in Ireland, and if I can't get all, I'll have none.

Enter LA MOTTE, R.

La Motte. Madame, I have de honare to bring you one dog's wife.

Mrs. Ran. What's that you say I am, you mendacious varlet? a dog's wife!

La Motte. Pardonnez moi — you no comprehend — I ave de littel gentilhomme for you in my pocket.

Mrs. Ran. A gentleman for me in your pocket.

La Motte. Oui, oui! but de gentilhomme he give me one dam bite. Sacra, dere he go again. [*Rubbing himself.*]

Mrs. Ran. I'm extonished.

La Motte. Sare, vat you do. I sall cut off your tail.

Mrs. Ran. Insolent menial — begone.

La Motte. Ah, you glád to get away — dere, go and give your lady de kiss angelic. [*Producing a little pug.*] Monsieur le grand Captain beg your acceptance of dis littel dog's wife.

Mrs. Ran. A present from the Captain, what a beautiful little creature. I'm exported at the sight of it. [*Taking up the animal.*] Bless its dear heart, the very image of its master.

La Motte. Madame, shall I have de honare to attend you to your maison?

Mrs. Ran. No, one puppy is enough at a time, and I prefer this which is sent to me by your master. [*Exit R.*]

La Motte. Vat she mean by compare me to von puppy — I am insult, and vill take great big revenge. — She say, Monsieur, I ver much in love with you — you marry me? I will turn up my nose, and say as they say in London, “has your moder sold her mangle?” ah! ah! ah! [*Exit R.*]

SCENE IV.—A Garden.

Enter CON O'CALLAGHAN talking to JERRY CARTRIDGE.

Con. And so you are a son of ould Bill Murphy's, you tell me. I'd little thought I'd meet with one from the Emerald Isle, in this strange quarter. How long is it you were abroad? By Saint Patrick you are as Englified as a cockney.

Jerry. Bless you, Sir, I hav'nt put my foot on Irish ground since I was discharged from the 88th, twenty-five years since.

Con. You're an ould sodger, then it seems, pon my veracity, I can't say you're much the better for that same; but I was'nt as big as a bee's knee, the time you make mention of.

Jerry. I suppose not, indeed. Does Dan Sheehan fight at the fairs yet, I wonder. He was a terrible fellow for twisting the shillelah when I was in the country.

Con. Dan Sheehan? Dan did'nt strike a stroke these twelve years, a good reason why, he could'nt, for they made a corpse of him at the fair of Clanworth; he was kilt with a beggarman's bullet.

Jerry. A beggarman's bullet, what is that?

Con. Bad manners to you, is'nt it a paving stone?

Jerry. Faith, you are right, I forgot that; but what's become of the rest of the family?

Con. Oh, they are all scattered; Bill had his ribs stove in about the same time, he died the death of a trooper's horse, wid his shoes and stockings on. One of the sisters turned out contrary, she hurt the pride of the family by walking off wid a sodger like yourself, only he wasn't so ould or so ugly. The foxy boy, he went to America; and the other got his passage free to Botany Bay at the expense of Government.

Jerry. You don't say so — what, transported?

Con. Transported, indeed, for Captain Rock's business I was near going the voyage myself.

Jemmy. I don't understand; what voyage?

Con. Why I-suppose there's no other voyage but the one to Rotany Bay.

Jerry. How did that happen?

Con. It didn't happen at all, I tell you though 'twas within an aim's ace of it. You see, Misther Edward at home, brother to Misther Alexander here, sent me to town for some sodger water.

Jerry. Well, long as I have been in the army, I never heard of that water before.

Con. You are not too old to larn yet, is'nt it the water they put the gunpowder into, and when the cork is pulled out, up it comes through the jowl of the bottle like thunder, with fire and smoke enough to drown one.

Jemmy. Oh! you mean soda-water.

Con. To be sure I do, is'nt that what I said? I had a horn of malt and a glass or two of whiskey, no doubt, in the course of my travels, but came home as sober as a judge, and was going to go to bed, where my neighbour's dog could'nt bark at me — when who should tap at the windys but Bill Duggin! Bill's voice was as natural to me as the cuckoo's. "What's the matter, says I?" "Start up," says he, "and come along, till we sarve out them vagabones; that that scoundrel of an agent dapp'd upon the widow Spalano's corn, because she could'nt pay up the rint to my Lord Muzzle mouth!" "Take care," says I, "Bill, what you're about, or the law will have a houl't of you." "To tee devil wid the law," says Bill, "and the framers of it, that would'nt lave a poor widow as much as a Dhescann — that's the little fist full they pick from the fields after saving of the harvest.

Jerry. I know — what's called the glanings.

Con. The identical same. We did the job nate and clane, and were coming back widout for any wages, when, who should be standing before us, straight perpendicular, but two Peelers. "Halloo! my lads," said one, "what brings you out at this hour of the morning." "There's knowledge for you," says Bill, "like a devil's chick," as he was giving him a potthonge of his stick, a blow on the butt of the ear, that sent him spinning like a peg-top. "And there's the same for you," says I to the other one, giving him the comrade of it! We left them standing upon their backs in the mud, kicking up a devil of a dust, and bawling out a thousand melamathers, for all the world like a frog in a cholic.

Jerry. Well, and you made a speedy retreat after you had done the mischief, I suppose, before the main body could come up. It was the advance guard you cut off.

Con. We cut off as fast as we could, to be sure; where Bill stowed himself in the hurry, I don't know. But I was in Cork while a goat could be scratching her elbow—popp'd on board the steam-boat, and never looked afther me till the people on land could'nt see the smoke and the chimbley at sea.

Jerry. And here you are in France, far away from all trouble.

Con. You're wrong there, I'm only just stepping into it. For here I am upon an errand I know no more about than the man in the moon.

Jerry. How came that to pass?

Con. [*Taking off his disguise, whiskers, &c.*] Did you ever see such a winker as that before to the face of a christian. I must take it off to give my jaws an airing. Let's see how t'would become your physiognity. [*Placing them on the Gardener.*] Stop till we try the coat. [*Taking off coat.*] It has as many crucifixes upon it as ever there was blossoms in a furze brake. [*Placing it on the Gardener.*] Let me thatch the roof of your nob with this bear-skin beaver. [*Placing cap on his head*] You shan't have the sword though, I'll keep that myself. [*Showing stick.*]

Jerry. Now I'm fit for inspection. Exchange is no robbery. [*Marching up and down.*] Attention.

Con. Stand at ease.

Jerry. It's quite impossible—shoulder arms—faith, I should like to be doing something.

Con. If that's the case, go and finish my errand, and I'll mount your duds, and be doing the small jobs about the garden, which will be much more natural to me, than making a Garman of myself.

[*Placing the clothes of the Gardener on himself.*]

Jerry. I only enlisted in this service this morning, and I fear you'll get me discharged, without bounty or pension.

Sir Thos. [*Without.*] House, house, where are you all?

Jerry. By all the boots in the barrack, here comes my master—take your regimentals, and give me my own.

Con. Hold your whisht. Throw the old sodger over her, and I'll be at home to a peg with my heels in the clay like a sky-lark.

Jerry. What the deuce shall I say?

Con. Say nothing — that's the best answer.

Enter SIR THOMAS and JULIA.

Sir Thos. [*Holding a letter.*] This is not the writing of the Marquiss Clancarde; I could tell his characters from a thousand.

Con. What's that he's saying about character.

Jerry. He says he has heard your character from a thousand. [*Aside.*]

Sir Thos. It is some rascally proceeding.

Jerry. There, he says ours is a rascally proceeding. [*Aside.*]

Jul. I suspected so from the first, Sir Thomas.

Con. It's all blown, she says she suspected us from the beginning. [*Aside.*]

Sir Thos. If I discover the author of these forgeries, I shall not hesitate to punish him severely.

Con. D'ye hear that now—he'll be punishing us severely. We'll be hanged, for a wager. Well, I'm used to it, that's one comfort. [*Aside.*]

Sir Thos. Which is the man that brought the letters?

Jul. I am sure I cannot tell—but here comes Maria, she may possibly throw some light upon the subject.

Enter MARIA.

Con. [*Aside.*] Oh, it's burned; we shall be like a couple of heretics if they throw light upon us.

Sir Thos. [*Pointing to the two servants*] Which of those fellows, my dear madam, had the audacity to bring this letter? [*To Con.*] It appears these letters are forgeries. For what purpose have you dared to impose upon two unprotected females?

Con. Who comes to impose? You would'nt be after calling Con. O'Callaghan, an impostor, again. By my sowl, I'd fight you for a pot or a pint, and be giving you no change out of that. [*Showing a stick.*]

Gard. Take care Con.—he's a friend of the mistress, and it's hanged we shall be, sure enough. [*Aside.*]

Con. Faith and I must crack his sconce, if it's only to keep my arm in practice.

Sir Thos. Crack my sconce, you scoundrel? my servants shall horsewhip you. I'll not trouble myself.

Con. Are you in earnest It s joking you are surely,

Sir Thos. You shall see — what, house, I say. [*Calling loudly, several servants enter, and attempt to seize Con. Callaghan. Several blows are exchanged, after a scuffle they fly off in different directions. Con. flourishes his stick in triumph, and knocks down Mr. Deputy Dowgate, in mistake as he enters in a hurry. Sir Thomas well cudgels the Gardener.*]

Dow. Let your up strokes be heavy, and your down strokes light, “as the boy said to the schoolmaster.” What the devil are you about.

Con. Oh it’s ould Dowgate, is it. I suppose you want to try your hand. Now’s the time for sport, while I’m in the humour.

Sir Thos. Keep off, or I’ll blow your brains out.

Con. Do? you’ll be hanged for murder, and I’ll be the prosecutor, why don’t you? you have better sense. Get up you spalpeen? [*To Mr. Dep. Dowgate.*]

Dow. Well, that’s adding insult to injury, as the parrot said when they made him talk like a gentleman, Spalpeen indeed? [*Rising.*]

Enter MRS. RANDALL, R.

Mrs. Ran. Oh Sir, take care, that’s the wild Irishman. It’s Mr. Callaghan.

Con. The same my darling — If you stopped one min’nit longer, you’d have to sing an alligone over me, for I’d be as cold as a dog’s nose.

Mrs. Ran. My dear little dog’s nose? He will still persist in his vile Irishisms, in spite of the strong compunctions I laid upon him to the contrary.

Sir Thos. Do you know this man, Madam.

Mrs. Ran. Yes, for an Irish gentleman, [*Aside.*] black-guard, only I’m frighten’d.

Con. I’m an honest farmer’s son, Sir, from the banks of the Blackwater. Tim Callaghan, is my father’s name, as dacent ould man, as any from this to himself, and that’s a long way.

Sir Thos. It is lucky, I know you then; very lucky.

Dow. Ah, nothing like luck, Sir Thomas, nothing like luck, as the boy said, when he found a bad halfpenny—and now to business, Mr. Osborne would say a word or two about some letters.

Con. Mr. Osborne? that’s my masther, that’s the gentleman that’ll give me a character. Call him in, and let him spake now, or for ever after hold his tongue.

Sir Thos. He comes apropos, in the very nick of time.

Dom. Yes, better late than never, as my Grandmother said when she married at ninety.

Enter COLONEL OSBORNE and JULIA.

Mar. Upon my word Mrs. Randall, I feel exceedingly indebted to you. It appears that through your machinations I have doubted alike, the honour and sincerity of Colonel Osborne's addresses.

Con. 'Tis you that need'nt doubt his honor's honor, 'tis he [*To Maria.*] that could find you a snug birth of it in his own warm corner at home.

Col. O. I am afraid Mr. Deputy, you have been inconvenienced upon my account. The adventure, I must confess is romantic.

Dow. Yes, rather romantic, as the young Lady said when she read a novel.

Col. O. How is this—why Con, you have turned your sword into a pruning hook. How came you in your present dress.

Con. It's myself, and the gardener changed posts your honor. He's the garman and I'm to do Mistress' small jobs for the future.

Mrs. Ran. Oh, I shall sink with shame and infusion, why did I consent to reform such duplicity. I shall sink.

Con. Never sink while an Irishman's at your elbow, to keep your heels above water, look you—you are fat ma'am and grease always floats at the top.

Sir Thos. It appears some deception has been practised, explain Colonel.

Col. O. When more at leisure, I will, Sir Thomas—suffice to satisfy your present curiosity, Maria and myself are happy in the confidence of each other. I have withdrawn the veil from the hypocrisy of that woman, and my beloved now regrets she ever gave credit to her unworthy tale.

Mar. I do indeed, Julia congratulate me.

Jul. Willingly. May you be happy in each other's love.

Sir Thos. Prettily spoken; let me be a party to this arrangement, and here in the presence of your valued friend, offer my hand and fortune to the being whom my heart adores.

[*To Julia.*]

Dow. Take it—by all means take it, as the servant said to the babby when the lady offered it a lollipop.

Mrs. Ran. I'm extonished, all that I said to the young lady has made no oppression.

Jul. Sir Thomas, I accept your offer, and hope by my future conduct to merit your affection.

Mrs. Ran. Will nobody take compassion.

Con. Come here my jewel. [*To Mrs. Randall.*] I took a liking to you before ever I saw you, and you and I will pig together for life, if you have no objections, what do you say, master, will you give us a bit of ground to build a house on for ourselves?

Col. O. I will, Con, and by returning to my native country, endeavour to make up for the long neglect of my absenteeism by devoting my life to its service.

Con. Long life to you, master.

Dow. Aye, long life to you, as Jack Ketch said to the man he was just going to string up, when he made him a present of his shoes.

Con. By my soul, we have deputies enough there already in all conscience — but no matter, it shall never be said that an Irishman denied the stranger a welcome, for friendship and love is an Irishman's motto all over the European globe, and I hope it won't be denied him to the absentee, that's my master, or to his co-adjuther, that's myself.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SERVANTS.

MRS. RANDALL. DEPUTY DOWGATE.

COL. O. JULIA. CON. MARIA. SIR THOS. DANCER.

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